

# For Not To Be Taken From the Room reference

## SAMARA

1973



" SUCCESSIS HAVGHT: ENDERYOUR'S ALL."

-Browning

### ELMWOOD

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Greetings to Samara! As that time of year rolls around again for you people to choose your next year's courses, I am mainly conscious that we are finishing our first year on the credit system. I think it has been successful, and this strengthens me for the long bout with the new timetables.

My best wishes go to the staff of 'Samara', and as always, to the graduating class, and to all of you.

Joan M. Whitwill



Alison Urie, Head Girl. Mrs. Aldous, Assistant Headmistress. Mrs. Whitwill, Headmistress. Nancy Gall, Senior Prefect.



## THE PREFECTS

STANDING: Nancy Gall, Alison Urie, Sheri Price. SEATED: Meg Snelgrove, Wendy Hampson, Mrs. Whitwill, Sharon Nadolny, Dorie Blair, Daintry Smith, Ann Perley-Robertson. ABSENT: Susan Cohen.

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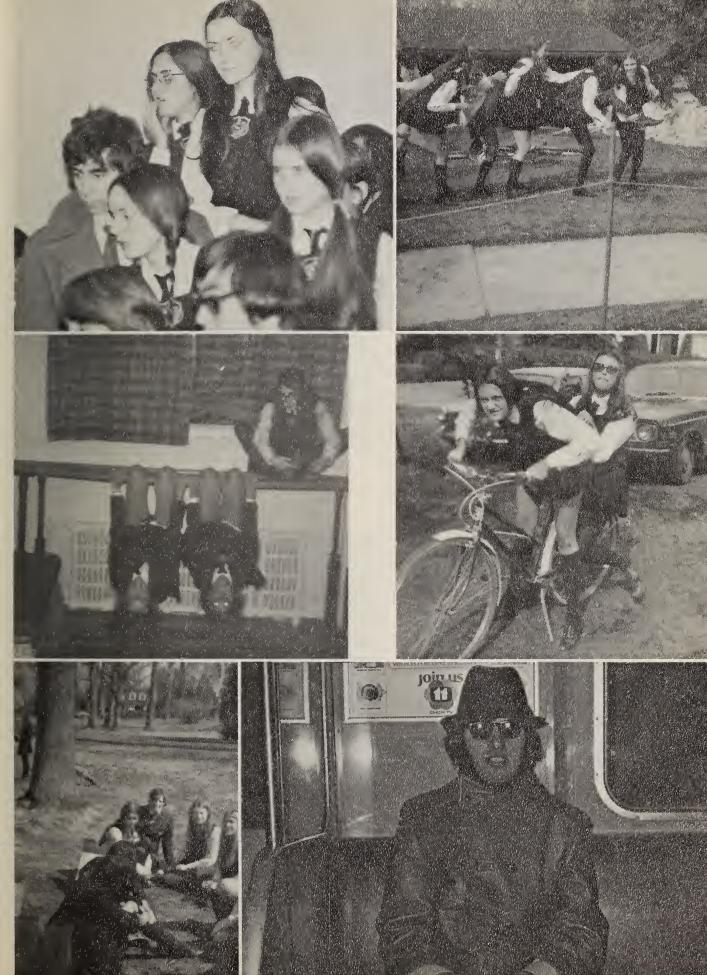
Diana Conway, Odds and Ends; Janice Henry, Odds and Ends; Heather Nesbitt, Co-Editor; Elizabeth Marion, Advertising; Debbie Williams, Art Consultant; Cyndi Leigh, Sports; Mary Christie, Layouts and Co-Editor; Nan Gall, Art and Literature Selection, Co-Editor.

This year our committee turned out much better than I in my inexperience had ever dreamed it would. Nancy and I as co-editors were amazed to find ourselves in a position where it was our great responsibility to turn out a yearbook. Luckily we had Mrs. Aldous continually lending a helping hand and a sympathetic ear while Mrs. Carter mourned over the state of our finances. This year we tried something different and decided to raise some money to help cover expenses. We sold chocolate bars with the co-operation of every class in the school until we all thought that we'd never eat another chocolate bar again. In the end our profit turned out to be approximately two hundred dollars.

We were very lucky to find a girl who was acquainted with yearbook procedures from her old school, and I know that if she hadn't helped us out, we would never have made it through the year. We extend our thanks to Mary Christie for her knowledge, help and endless patience over the shortage of meetings.

Although enthusiasm was high this year, we still had trouble trying to get the girls to bring their cameras in. Many thanks to Joe Martyniuk for his kindness in taking pictures for us.

My best wishes to the next editor and her staff. I hope she will be fortunate enough to have staff as good as ours.





#### JOY RAMCHARAN

"Friendship is a vase, which, once it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after."

Joy very obligingly changed her surname to Smith when she came to Elmwood in Grade Eleven, because certain members of the class have speech impediments which prevent them from saying those hard polysyllabic words like Ramcha-ran. Joy is distinguished by her long black hair, her jungle baby eyes, and her bubbling giggle which can set off the class at it's most sombre moments. Joy is a hard worker who must learn to curb her habit of saying, "Oh, I failed, I know I failed", after every exam she writes. She is also the only person who gets away with illegal earings. She says her ears go septic, but we know she has a secret ambition to become a flamenco dancer and wear hoops in her ears all the time. Joy is the cosmopolitan influence in our otherwise rather boorish class. If you want to buy your ripple chips in style, Joy will get James to drive you down to Theresa's, for a nominal fee which will contribute to Joy's mascara fund. Joy isn't sure what she's doing . . . next year. She may go to Carleton, she says, but we know she's mad about Honours Biology (students).

In any case, you have left your mark on Elmwood, and we wish you happiness Joy Hermia Smith.

#### PATRICIA LYNCH-STAUNTON

"Yes, I am indeed beautiful. Sometimes I sit and wonder just why it is that I am so much more attractive than anyone else in the whole world!" - Yum Yum.

Trish has been at Elmwood since she wore an undershirt and the school will miss it's 'plain clothes prefect' who despensed her chapel monitor duties with such conscientiousness. A generous hand with the red stars makes her popular with the juniors but even she sometimes finds it hand to bribe the little monsters to put up chairs. 'Fish' has been a member of the choir all her years at Elmwood, and has been a moving force behind all the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, especially "The Mikado" last year. To the novice 6 Upper-er, Trish's 'Mr. It' sounds like the epithet for the Man of her Dreams or a kind of men's cosmetic, but Mr. It is Irish's cherished iguana and bosom buddy. Trish is a good student and does well in Spanish, and math.

Despite the occasional abuse suffered by her car in our parking lot, Trish is quite patient and always willing to drive people to Harvey's or to a rendezvous with their beau. She's always willing to help if she can and we'll be sorry to lose her next year. Good luck, Trish, Elmwood will miss you.





#### WENDY TENCH

"Of all the things you wear, the expression on your face is the most important."

Wendy was new to our circus this year, but it took her only two days to drop that shy little new girl pose and show us her ebullient personality. If you hear a whistle like a train, it's probably Wen trying to engage your attention with appropriate dignity. If you hear a kettle boiling furiously in the Common Room, it's usually Wendy 'boiling all those minerals out of the water' to make one of her endless cups of tea. Wendy is a faithful member of the Monday Morning First Period Spare Club whose members engage in such edifying activities as trying to catch up on homework due last month, trying to remember the week end, trying to forget the weekend, and dozing off in the 'good' armchair. Wendy's Wendy's notable acts include washing and drying her hair before biology, hemming and cresting a new tunic during break and being Elmwood's Champion Cheesie Eater - a jack of all trades, no less!

Next year, Wendy is going to St. Joe's in Hamilton to prepare for her future career as Dr. Jekyll's voluptuous and indespensable assistant. When you're soothing fevered brews and making the gorgeous but introverted Talented Young Doctor fall madly in love with you, remember those math spare treks to the backyard in the knee high snow. Good luck,

#### LESLEY MURDOCH

"I would rather die on my feet than live on my knees."

As an irrepressible member of one of the best 'Reach for the Top' teams the school has ever had (we only lost by 35 points). Lesley Murdoch has proved her intellectual strength and has "rested on her laurels ever since", so says a less noticed member of the team. Les came to us from Brussels, and added a bit of savoir faire which makes her rather striking. However, we occasionally found Lesley's behaviour close to outrageous. Who else but Lesley talks to her feet during English classes? Who but she growls softly through Classics? Lesley is not all child-like charm, though. She is a very valuable member of the class, and uses her common sense and intelligence to best advantage in class discussions. Lesley's cheekbones and slanted blue eyes are the envy of her class, and her portrait by Mr. Hyndman hangs in Wallach's, and so far there have been three offers, all from George Finstad and Lloyd Robertson to buy it. Lesley's life ambition is to make enough money at Rae's to buy herself Volvo Incorporated. In the meantime we warn our femme fatale to beware of men with hearty laughs, receding hairlines, and smooth manners.





#### MARY CHRISTIE

As many nights endure Without a moon or star, So will we endure When one is gone and far.

The hand of Fortune brought Mary to rescue the yearbook staff from total disaster. A new girl this year, zany Mary was quickly absorbed into the haphazard collection of girls of doubtful sanity, 6U. Mary takes life as it comes and seems to thoroughly enjoy herself ('try it, you'll like it') whatever the situation, even first classes on Monday morning. Given to blushing and occasionally looking misleadingly bashful, Mary sang her way into the hearts of millions, and won the part of Gianetta in The Gondolier opposite the suave and debonair Marco, but even this rise to silvery stardom didn't change Mary's candidness and forthright personality. She even lowers herself to drive various members of the lowly chorus back to Ashbury. Mary is number three behind Ellen and Sharon, but seems to be gaining on them hourly, therefore, so to speak, old dogs had better learn new tricks.

Not too far in the future, expect to see Mary in a slinky dress belting out songs, husky voiced in a smoke filled cabaret. How Mary will have time for nurturing her secret ambitions of cabaret singing, when she is taking archaeology we don't know, but she is bound to do it.

Auf wiedersehn, . . . a bientot . . .

#### SUSAN COHEN

Para hay solamente viajar en caminos que tienen corazon.

When 'Susy Co' come in grade ten, she was apparently a shrinking violet. She came into bloom, so to speak, with Sandy Finley in grade eleven. Remember "Richard? . . . Richard?" and 'Sir Butch'? During her years at Elmwood, Sue has given a lot, with her obvious concern for people, and her desire to get things done well. As sports captain this year, she made innovative changes for the benefit of school sports. With her assistant sports captain system, she brought sports to the juniors in a bigger way, and showed the senior school that house sports should be taken seriously. Sue's friendly treatment of new girls is also exemplary ('am I being befriended or victimized?'), because she hasn't forgotten what it's like to be new. She is well liked by the juniors too, because she doesn't talk down to them (she couldn't, even if she wanted to). Susy gained fame and fortune and a high place in the esteem of her classmates when she won a contest for the 'Ladies Tarzan Yell' at the March class party. They must've heard her clear up to the Creek. We won't forget ya, Cone, nor will the Trent Rowing Team...





#### NANCY GALL

"You can't take it with you . . . " - Frank Capra.

Nancy thinks of herself as one of the Literary People in the class, which she takes to mean she can say anything she likes about anything, as long as it sounds witty. There are some who would disagree, and would curb Nancy's occasionally outrageous arrogance, and a certain faction would probably enjoy seeing Nancy as a Woolworth's clerk as her just desserts. Among Nancy's likes are Bastille Day, knitting loincloths, boys who kiss well, and sunbathing out the common room window. Actually her list is longer and more diversified, probably a result of her phenomenal lack of will power, but high up on her list are her buddies in 6U. The 'Baby' went skiing for the first time on our Spirit Week Ski Day, and seemed to enjoy herself just immensely', but she had trouble coming to a full stop. Nancy insists that some of her best memories will be of Elmwood. Remember the trips to the War Museum in grade twelve? . . . Nursie hairdoes? . . . B. B. C. ? . . . Lloyd and George? . . . porking at Prefect's Lunch? We will all miss you, especially the terrible twosome . . . "Never can say good bye . . . "

#### ANNE STEVENSON

"We learn our virtues from the friend who loves us; our faults from the enemy who hates us." - Richter

Anne has been at Elmwood since she was in grade ten, so by now our girl with the Irish temperament is an established old girl. Of an artistic bent, Anne won the Senior Prize for Art last year. She is Mr. Hyndman's pride and joy, because though we all express ourselves uninhibitedly, Anne's finished work is always imaginative and expressive. Many of her painting decorate the walls of the school, and though Anne has been heard to say she paints 'Like a little kid', her work is of a superior calibre. An enthusiastic horseback rider, Anne is a member of many school sports teams, where her coordination and fierce competitive spirit make her a valuable asset to the Nightingale House and school teams, and a formidable opponent off the courts, her independence makes her a noticeable member of the class because she contributes definite and individual points of view to all aspects of class routine. Anne is another hard worker, and her energy and swift completion of assignments cause admiration from many last minute workers in 6U. A future at Algonquin is possibly in store for Anne, and we wish her the best of luck.





#### SONIA TOPELKO

No real fall, so long as one still tries, For seeming setbacks
Make the strong man wise
There is no defeat
In truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there
You're bound to win.

Sonia is the class A-1 Sesame Street disciple, and it's sometimes startling to hear that gruff voice coming from little Sonia, but she's usually willing to play Grover to anyone's Herbert Birdsfoot. If the wastebasket in the Common Room is filled to overflowing with Juicy Fruit wrappers, it's likely Sonia has been entertaining the Monday Morning First Period Spare Club by cleaning out her purse. Such an exhibition reveals the side of Sonia we don't see much of, the side that carries rocks in her purse. Sonia's contribution to the adornment of the Common Room was an extremely uncomplimentary self portrait which nobody can bear to take down. Perhaps we do see a certain resemblance, eh Son? If you want to hear the latest in sports, particulary in hockey, ask Sonia. She watches hockey faithfully and, continually argues with the referees if a Montreal Canadian player is given a rotten penalty. Sony's usually pretty quiet in class, but if she has something she wants to say she's not backward about expressing herself. Sonia's one of the chosen few of our Femme Fatale class whose left hand is weighed down by a Valuable Geological Specimen, and we wish Sonia happiness however she finds it. A hard worker, Sonia is still indefinite about her plans for next year, but she would like to be a Primary Specialist, perhaps. Whatever you do, wherever you go, good luck!

#### SUSAN LAROQUE

"Thoughts are free and are subject to no rule. On them rests the freedom of man, and they tower above the light of nature." - Paracelsus

Pensive Sue came at the beginning of this year from Laurier, and was happy to find the school different from what she expected. Quiet spares find Sue sitting in the class room, hands clasped over her pen, staring reflectively out of the windows. Sue dislikes hypocrisy, and takes her measure of people with justice and importiality, and lives by honesty. She makes a distinctive and original figure in her hooded fur coat and orange cap, as she comes up Springfield Road on the cold winter mornings. An industrious person who takes no short cuts. Sue's work in every subject is the result of a been desire to get to the bottom of things, to find answers to why and how.

Our wish for Susan is that she find happiness and pickled eggs over every horizon.





#### JANET KIMMEL

If I am not for myself, Who will be for me? And being for myself only, What am I? And if not now, When?" - Hillel

Janet came at the beginning of grade thirteen and quietly has made herself felt in the class during the year. She is honest and uncompromising in her principles; she is impartial in giving kindness and friendship; she is not loud, but what she says is of more value than the words of the blusterers and cry babies; and she is funny and her happiness is infectious. Remember the class party? Things seemed to be fizzling out, high spirits were drooping a bit, and Janet came and started singing with such enthusiasm that everyone perked up. In school, Janet's claims to fame are Brenda, whose bump and grind coach is, yes, Janet; her willingness to take people out for a butt during spare in her snappy yellow Cougar; and her fondness for history - Remember Sam Gompers and the A.F. of L., Jan? And do you remember singing Man of La Mancha from beginning to end on the way back from the movies?

This year Janet was a part of our class. She was down when the class was in it's collective dumps, and she helped to make the good times that we will all remember. We wish her good luck when we all leave 6U.

#### WENDY HAMPSON

"A cricket on the hearth is a sign of good luck."

As an amazingly energetic Fry House Head, Wendy took part in countless House volleyball and basketball games with terrific spirit. The 'Cricket' manages to find time to be an outstanding House Head, be on the school sports teams, carry a full load of academic subjects, including that bedof-nails, chemistry, and still be a cheerful and constructive member of the class. Wendy shows great tact and maturity when she only smiles and says nothing as certain 6U juvenile delinquents turn back the evolutionary clock. Wendy, thank goodness, is not given to such unbalanced simian displays of behaviour, and her sanity and organization are a valuable asset to the class. She and Isabel are another pair of bosom pals since time immemorial, and together they help to destroy the myth that Grade Thirteen are all babies. Wendy is one of the few people visitors see and don't think to themselves, "That is going to university next year??". Our Christmas party would never have been the delicious success it was had it not been for Wendy and her Mother's smashing turkey dinner. Next year, Wendy plans to attend for

With her proficiency in science and math, she'll have no trouble. Good luck, Wendy.





ELIEN NADOLNY: There is magic in the memory of a schoolgirl friendship; lt softens the heart, and even affects the nervous system of those who have no hearts.

Ellen, we are told, is number two (?) so she will have to try harder to knock number one, Sharon off her exalted pedestal, no mean feat. What Ellen is number two of, is a closely guarded 6U secret. Could it be Ellen has gone into the car rental business? Does this mean the white Capri could fall into just anyone's hands?? In any case, we hope Ellen's hard work will pay off, and she will reach the epitome of whatever it is she's striving for. The intrepid expeditions to Trent had their seed in the fertile brain of Ellen, who, with several other people concerned with the pursuit of Higher Education, masterminded the scholarly trips. On certain weekends Ellen can be found gamboling about the stairwells of Trent ladies residence in the wee hours of the morning, in the company of her keepers. Ellen has also been the sparkle, zip and fire, in that order, of the class celebrations, which are most exclusive affairs held at the poshest Ottawa and Hull watering palces. Ellen's notable acts include falling a record number of times off chairs at the Blind Pig, and finding a lift for five weary souls to Hull in the Holiday lnn parking lot, using little or no violence. Ellen's contribution to 6U has been a rich one, and we wish her the greatest happiness in the future.

DALE CARR-HARRIS: Happiness runs in a circular motion. Time is like a little boat upon the sea. Everybody is a part of everything anyway. You can be anything you let yourself be.

Dale became on of our select number of half way through last year, but was not completely unfamiliar with the school, because her sister once wore the green tunic and tights. Dale took Classics last year with the Grade Thirteens, and so was able to give some helpful tips to this year's class. Dale is usually to be found sitting in the Common Room looking anxious about chemistry, perplexed by geography or infuriated by English, but then, everyone in the Common Room wears those expressions. Whenever anyone stalks in seething with rage, Dale is always the first to ask what the trouble is, and lends a sympathetic ear to anyone who needs it. She participates in many school activities with her spirit of helpfulness, and the decorations for various dances are partly due to Dale's aid. This year, Dale gave a lot to the class in honestly and ability to see the ridiculous in situations which were thought to be of earth shaking importance. We wish her luck and happiness.





CATHY MCEWEN: Who ever lives true life will love true love.

Cathy came to us at the beginning of this year and this pleasant Miss can be found on the sofa in the common room, sitting composedly as a cat, when she's not tangling with some intriguing chemistry problem. Daintry and Cathy have worked a phenomenal amount, their pencils scrabbling over sheets of roughnotes, talking in perfectly incomprehensible terms about gas laws and atomic theories, so no wonder they are skimming off the cream of the chemistry marks. Cathy's warm grin, complete with dimples greets everyone with a cheerful, "Hi ya, kid!", even in that limbo between getting to school and getting to prayers. Among Cathy's dislikes number black tea, which she is forced to drink when Mrs. Carter cuts off our milk quota because some dummy forgets to bring the tray down. Dale insists that no one sees the 'real' Cathy who teases Dale without mercy. Although she'd like to go to Queen's next year, Queen's registrar heard about Cath, and doesn't want her, so she's going to London instead. We wish her the best of luck. Good bye, Cathy.

JANICE HENRY: "Go forth into the busy world and love it, interest yourself in its life, mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows, try what you can do for others, rather than what you can make them do for you, and you will know it is to have friends".

-Emerson.

Janice's sunny disposition and intelligence were a refreshing addition to the class for Grade Thirteen, and she has made a place for herself in our 'cosy family' (?) with her gentle and helpful friendliness. A well-read and artistic person, Janice seems to succeeded at everything she puts her hand to, and is involved in many aspects of school life. She is a pretty addition to the chorus of The Gondoliers, and one of the few reasons Mr. Hyndman hasn't handed over the art class to the RCMP. She won a book on the Impressionists for her portrayal of an old farmhouse and she tactfully refrains from asking whether she may add camels and bedouins to Mr. Hyndmans' 'flat plane' compositions, unlike some other recalcitrant artists. Janice also adds a lot to English E classes, and contributes many salient points to our intellectual discussions with Mrs. Davies. For her appropriately milk soppy portrayal of Capulat in the class reading of Ring Around the Moon, Janice wins a round trip ticket to Oslo, which, we are sure, will be put to good use. We are certain she would have preferred the traditional 'Elmy', an unfortunately defunct Elmwood theatrical honour, but alas, the proposed Elmy revival has not yet materialized.

Next year, Janice plans to embark on a career at Queens, and although she won't need it, we wish her luck.





DORIE BLAIR: Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what it peace there may be in silence.

Dorie is constantly in a whirlwind of activity. Always rushing somewhere, she lives in mortal dread that she will be late for Physics or Chemistry. We hardly ever see her as she rushes into the classroom, zips into the bathroom to do her hair again, and flashes downstairs and over to Ashbury. A kind and conscientious prefect, Dorie was the first of our number to model this year's white blazer at Ashbury, where it received the Good Housekeeping(?) Seal of Approval. During the winter, every available moment is taken up with skiing, and Dorie certainly would have made the ski team, had there been one this year. Last year, Dorie was one of Mrs. Davies' Austrian ski-travel package-the trip to Kitzbuhel that no one will ever forget. How could they? Mrs. D. will never live down the time Dorie rushed up to her as she sat in a crowded foyer and cried, "Mummy!" Thereafter, everyone avoided that strange English lady with so many daughters. When Dorie wasn't zipping down the Lofty Snow-Covered Peaks, she was making eyes at blonde skiing instructors, although she'll never admit it, but she made a friendship that has lasted for quite a while. Remember Mr. Tom Collins, Dorie? Who doesn't? Whereever she goes, Dorie's generous and kind personality will open doors to happiness for her, as it did in 6U.

DAINTRY SMITH: Learn from the mistakes of others, for you can't possibly make them all yourself.

Daintry is one of the few class math and science wizards, whose calm, affable exterior hides a character spiced with rampant vice. Thankfully, Daintry manages to keep a tight rein the Mr. Hyde in her, but occasionally she lets loose. A highly respected, well informed person who accompanied Daintry to Europe last summer disclosed various reports of Shocking Things Daintry Did. This informant, who naturally wishes to remain anonymous, revealed that Daintry skipped phonetics classes at Montpellier, washed her feet in the bidet, ate a certain patisserie out of it's entire stock after rejecting the cafeteria food, aided in the abduction of university property, and did all manner of mischief. She is also known to have taken part in a questionable outing on the banks of the Tiber river late in the evening, with two companions of doubtful integrity. However, despite all these shady undertakings, Daintry is usually under control during school hours, and does an amazing amount of work. Besides getting enviable marks in chemistry, biology and maths, Daintry is also quite proficient at French, a result, no doubt, of her educational summer. Next year, Daintry plans to attend Queen's for nursing, and she will make an excellent nurse. Meanwhile, she advises to avoid Corsicans in railway carriages.





#### ISABEL DOUGLAS:

I have had playmates, I have had companions, In my days of childhood, In my joyful school-days, All, All are gone, the old familiar faces.

This year Isabel has come prepared for the great blizzard which will eventually snow the whole school in for a week. She brings two lunches, one for break, and one in case she gets a bit nippy around lunch time. At Isabel's feeding times, the delectable odour of turkey (chicken) sandwiches draws a drooling crowd who watch hungily as Isabel eats those gorgeous sandwiches (we all forget our tuck money) and wonder where all the calories disappear to on Slender lz. Perhaps she works it off running errands to pay for train tickets to Toronto to visit Paul. In any case, Isabel has twenty seven prospective customers in case she ever decides to open her own Greasy Spoon. Although never completely silent, Isabel has become a considerably more voluble member of the class and holds her own excellently against any 6U loudmouth (and there are a propitious number) in our discussions about the formal which go under the guise of English A classes. Isabel is another member of the class who has been at Elmwood long enough to remember Mrs. Blyth, and like Trish and Wendy, is a long time member of Mrs. Harwood-Jones' flock of 115 lb. canaries. Next year, Isabel plans to go to Toronto above everything , and Elmwood and 6U will lose the only 'domestic animal' we ever had. Good Luck, Supercook.

#### JANE NICHOLLS:

QUOTATION: Put your hand in God's and he will guide you through life.

Jane is another 6 Upper-er who has been at Elmwood since the days of her tender youth, and she can remember that blissful and long-ago time when the juniors were petrified of the prefects. In her quiet way she gives a lot in time and effort to school activities, and is greatly responsible for the consistent excellence of the costumes for the Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Jane is another of the epicures who, while eating those terrific home made lunches, brushes up on the noble sport of jacks. She is a competent but occasional player of those games played in the sunny spot on the floor of the Common Room. A cat lover, Jane often entertains us with the antics of her cat. Though generally quiet, Jane has been heard to make some piercing(?) comments on a variety of subjects, when the spirit takes her. She is the owner of the little beige Austin in the parking lot, and is the terror of Rockliffe streets as she zips around, always willing to give a ride to the flabbies who don't like to walk. We wish Jane good luck as she goes next year to a career in the business world.





SHERI PRICE: This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

Sheri is a member of the fast growing body in our class who don't have a clue what they're going to do next year-this year is enough to think about. She's one of our superior intellects who lend quiet but valuable support to English A and E classes. She's also one of the dedicated chemistry students who make their scholarly tracks over to Ashbury several times a week. A talented essayist, Sheri can often be found jotting off at 3:05 an essay due for 3:40-a little pressure keeps life spicy for her. She and Joy have been a gruesome twosome since they were new girls in grade eleven, when they shocked the class and the world with the first Dear Bernie epistle, a most lucid and colourful document we're sure Alison had a hand in composing. Since then we have been regaled with memories from Charter's Towers, when they were prim (?) English school girls, and further pranks most unsuited to young ladies of their presumed dignity and intellect.

Wherever life takes you from Elmwood, you will always have friends because of your humour and kindness. Good fortune to you, Sheri.

MEG SNELGROVE: A person gives up smoking in two stages: first they give up their cigarettes, then they give up your cigarettes.

This year Meg headed Keller House and turned it into an apparently thriving business concern. Before the year was half over, Meg and her house reached the thirty dollar goal set for the Houses and continued to think up schemes for raising money all year. She had bake sales for which people actually baked; she had raffles, and with the enthusiastic support of her House, she reached and overtook the thirty dollar goal. Meg is very popular with the juniors, something rather unusual for a prefect, and is especially favoured by the Preps. When some other prefect walks in to look after 'the babies', that unfortunate girl is met by a chorus of, "Oh, it's only you. Where's Meg?" Meg wins the class admiration for getting up at dawn to drive into Ottawa, and being in school before most of us have even struggled out of bed. She is one of the original few who started at Elmwood in the Junior School and can remember Miss Black, Mrs. Blyth's special Lent services, and hair pulled behind the ears. Next year, Meg will possibly attend Western for speech therapy. Good bye, Meg, and remember us all.





SHARON NADOLNY: Nothing is more precises than a friend and yet we take our friends for granted. Nothing is more helpful than a friends help.

Sharon is one of the most studious and industrious scholars in our class. So dedicated is she to education that she is a student at both Elmwood and Ashbury, and is notorious for her hysterical laughter and belting yell in the Stone Corridor at Elmwood and the tunnels at Ashbury, where she is a favourite of Mr. Wallin's. Knee socks over Leos and a Joe Namath prefects blazer distinguish Sharon from the rest of 6Upper, but she has other Identifying Characteristics.

Nadolnuts is one of the Red Hot Mamas who drive Sean and Mr. Hyndman crazy (is it her Raquel body, or her "Oh Mr. Hyndman, Pleeeeeease come and help me" please?). Besides her other virtues, Sharon is a Talented Conversationalist and a marvellous singer of B'nai Brith camp ditties, which often become duets with Karen. Eat your heart out, Carly Simon, no one sings 'You're So Vain' with as much emotion as Sharon. Classics is another subject Sharon enjoys-the ILIAD brought out hidden talents in her, like composing her own Homeric Epithets. Remember the countless variations on 'Achilles of the Nimble Heels'?

Sharon's not sure about her plans for next year, but she may end up in Fine Arts, with Mr. Hyndman's blessings. Our blessings on you too, Sharon. It'll be too quiet if you aren't back next year.

ANN PERLEY-ROBERTSON: It is a fair, even handed, noble adjustment of things that while there is infection in desease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

Ann has been at Elmwood for three years, and was a member of the class for the vintage year in grade eleven. Now the girl with the 'bedroom eyes' is the tactful and efficient Head of Nightingale House. She is much appreciated by house members tor her sincere desire to work on their behalf, and for not holding unnecessary house meetings.

However, an undeserved blow from Fate hit Ann the week before Christmas exams started, when she contracted "mono." This, of course, rendered her totally helpless to write exams, and we thought of Ann with pity as we wrote English and Math and Classics and Biology. . . . Classics with Mrs. H.-J. were enlivened with Ann's stories of Athens, and we will think nostalgically back to those quickie butts during classics break at Ann's long-suffering aunt's house. This year, as a birthday gift for Ann, it is the class intention to present Ann with her very own mug and map of the Common Room because of her infrequent visits to the den of iniquity. Next year Ann plans to go to Algonquin for Early Childhood Education. We wish her the very best of luck and happiness.





ALISON URIE: Love the simple things in life, but don't marry them, at least until you're twenty-five.

Being head girl is perhaps one of the hardest jobs in the school, because a head girl has equal responsibility to staff and to fellow students, and because of this responsibility, the head of any school sometimes has difficult decisions to make.

Alison Urie was a most friendly, helpful and diplomatic head girl, who treated the junior's demands for stickytape races and treasure hunts with as much deference as she accorded to the seniors and their problems. Girls of all grades felt Alison's sincere wish to help if she could.

However, even head girls must relax, so this particular 'lambie' can often be seen driving that greasy little car over to Lesley's house for an early morning cup of tea to wake up. (From far away, who can tell Alison has her eyes closed all through prayers?)

This year, in some ways, Alison has performed above and beyond the call of duty. For the Spirit Week Talent Show, she emceed in an Ashbury uniform, and made a very passable Ashbury boy, except that she forgot the comb in her back pocket, and that characteristic layer of Acnomel. At the end of this year, Alison puts her pen to the Dear Bernie letters for the last time, gets jumped on by the juniors from sewing class for the last time, and tells the junior school that she really does have her hair back as far as it goes, for the last time.

We hope she won't regret this year spent as head girl. We certainly don't.



ROW ONE: Mrs. Inns, Mrs. Harwood-Jones, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Whitwill, Mrs. Aldous, Mrs. Chance, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Micklethwaite. ROW TWO: Miss Dianne Hilderbrandt, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Looye, Mrs. Routliffe, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Gundy, Miss Brenda Hildebrandt, Miss Webb. ROW THREE: Mrs. Wirwick, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. McRae, Dr. Micklethwaite, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Churchill.

## PREP



Mrs. Stevens



Heather Lawson



Kathy Clark



Maureen Assaly



Dee Dee Brookbank



Nan Bell



Tara Bell



Lesley Banner



Ann Tessier



Joyce Eaglesome

ABSENT: Brenda Kimmel, Mrs. Biggs

#### PREP WHO'S WHO

Maureen always comes first!

Wave a flag for Lesley

Ding Dong Nan and Tara work well.

Dee Dee fell off the bank into a brook.

Kathy gets a good mark!

Some eagles fly at dawn like Joy

We have another Kim this year, it's Brenda

She's really a Law daughter but her name's Heagher

Our only redhead is Anne

Mrs. likes to dance jigs.

Mrs. makes things even.



Debbie Hillary



Candy Warren



Victoria Gall



Cathy Green



Nichola Clarke





Lisa Weinberger



Sandra Zagerman

ABSENT Mrs. MacDonald



Francesca Coe



Jennifer Horwood



Helen Richards



Cathy Harris



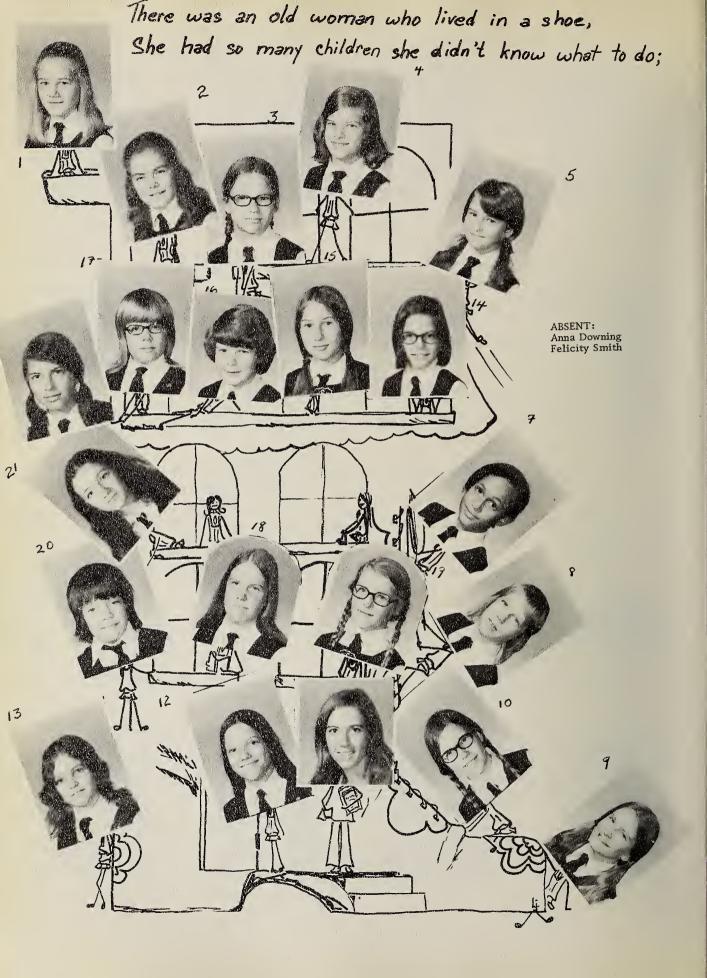
Marianne Karsh

FLMWCOD

## **GRADE 5 & 6 FORM NOTES**

#### **GUESS WHO?**

- 1. She is a blonde and she is 12 years old, her hair is very wavy and curly.
- 2. She has blonde hair, a tanned face and blue eyes.
- 3. She has long eye lashes and beautiful brown eyes with shiny brown hair.
- 4. She has long, wavy hair of a light brown shade.
- 5. She has long light brown hair and she wears a green hair band.
- 6. She is always smiling even to the prefects and she has short brown hair, she wears glasses with gold rims.
- 7. She has long blonde hair with blue eyes and she has just come to Canada.
- 8. She has blue eyes, smiling face (doesn't everybody in a picture?), fairly long blonde hair with a birthmark on her nose.
- 9. She has a medium brown hair, brown eyes and a medium large mouth.
- 10. She has a broad grin and short, dark brown hair, with pretty brown eyes and dark eye brows!
- 11. She wears her hair in a pony tail and she has green eyes and has dimples.
- 12. She has freckles, brown hair with bangs and she has a charming smile.



## **GRADE 7 FORM NOTES**

- 1. 2. 3. Lynne Houwing Susan McColm
- Alexandra Wilson
- Margo Bethune
- 5.
- Marie Doin Marie Louise Pawlikowski Vivian Enahoro Sarah Murray
- 6. 7. 8.
- 9. Sian Warwick
- 10. Amanda Greenhalgh
- Mrs. MacRae 11.
- 12. Rachel Jackson
- Bobby Lee Kenny Suzanne Pataki 13.
- 14.
- 15. Nadine Cvetanovic 16.
- Hazel Eaglesome 17. Holly North
- Sarah Rampley-Smith 18.
- 19. Pamela Sumner
- 20.
- Susan Anderson Emily Conway 21.







ABSENT: Anna Downing, Felicity Smith



Julia Sumner



Raing Phythian



Virginia Lamont



Susan Souia

## **GRADE** 8



Jennifer Johnston



Wendy McGillivray



Caroline Enahoro



Lindsay Price



Jane Scarth



Inger Whist



Mrs. Chance



Jane Burke-Robertson



Jennifer Harris



Donna Lurtz



Elizabeth Sellars



Naomi Thompson

ABSENT: Megan Chapell Ailsa Frances Debbie Masterman Akiko Nishiyama Carla Peppler



Sandra Sutherland

## **GRADE 8 FORM NOTES:**

DONNA LURTZ is a fan of Laugh-in's kooky Edith Anne. JANE, her horses loves to ride but in homework her time abides. MEGAN may not add a sum but she is alot of fun. AKIKO'S a new comer to our class. Come exams, she's sure to pass. CAROLE ENAHORO is so tall, to get through a door she has to crawl. ALISA has not been with us, despite much pain she's made no fuss. JENNIFER HARRIS has short blond hair and loves the children in her care. JENNI JOHNSTON wears happy faces and she travels many places. VIRGINIA'S hair is all white and it shines through the night. DEBBIE MASTERMAN loves to ski. Oh what a wonderful sight to see. WENDY MCGILLVERY plays the drum and she thinks it's lots of fun. When CARLA swims she's like a blitz. A butterfly to beat Mark Spitz. Somehow the tests she always passes, maybe because of her large red glasses. LINDSAY PRICE is so petite, because she doesn't like to eat. Busy LIZZY the only one with auburn hair and homework done. There is a person in our class called JANE. See her walk up Ashbury lane. SUSAN SOURIAL sweet and sassy, pleasant and talented little lassy. JULIE tall and blond and mad for horses, she wishes that riding was one of her courses. Small and spunky glasses round, she reads each book that can be found. SANDRA SUTHERLAND wears glasses to stop the boys from making passes. Linger longer INGER WHIST, if you left, you'd sure be missed.

## GRADE 9



Mrs. Micklethwaite



Mimi Singh



Sonia Taticek



Cordula von Keller



Helen Barry



Angela Cvetanovic



Jane Martin



Tina Kealey



Caroline Waudby-Smith



Elena Vaillancourt



Barbara Clarke



Judy Martin



Susan Reid









Judy Young



Keltie Johnson



Patrice Stinson



Florentia Conway

## **GRADE 9 FORM NOTES**

FLORENTIA CONWAY - Miss Dimples of the year.
MIMI SINGH -Miss Linguist of the year.
ANGELA CUETANOVIC - Miss ? of the year.
TINA KEALY - Miss Horse Around of the year.
JULIA WOODS - Miss Happy Face of the year.
SUSAN REID - Miss Early Bird of the year.
JUDY MARTIN - Miss Ding-a-Ling of the year.
JUDIE YOUNG - Miss Shirley Temple of the year.
HELEN BARRY - Miss Mousey of the year.
CORDULA VAN KELLER - Miss Munich of the year.
ELENA VAILLANCOURT - Miss Railway Tracks of the year.
CAROL WAUDBY-SMITH - Miss Pigmy of the year.
JANE MARTIN - Miss forget-me-not of the year.
KELTIE JOHNSTON - Miss Elmwoodian of the year.
BARBARA CLARK - Miss Strong of the year.

## **GRADE 10**



Mrs. Inns



Debbie Sippolins



Susan Atack



Wendy MacPhee



Leandra Ramcharan



Shelagh Hurley



Jane Ann McBurney



Debbie Baxter



Roberta Gildert



Ranjana Basu



Victoria Woods



Nina Walsh

## **GRADE 10 FORM NOTES**







Virginia Dunsby

ABSENT: Frances Elkie LeeAnne Henri



Kathy Witham



Debbie Goodwin



Clenka Grygier



Heather McIntosh



Karen Turner



Sandra Kovachic



Debbie William



Donna MacPhee



Diana Conway



Julia Clubb





Lesley Ogilvie



Monica Stinson

ABSENT: Mrs. Richards Cathie Guthrie Jennifer Miles



Janis Robertson



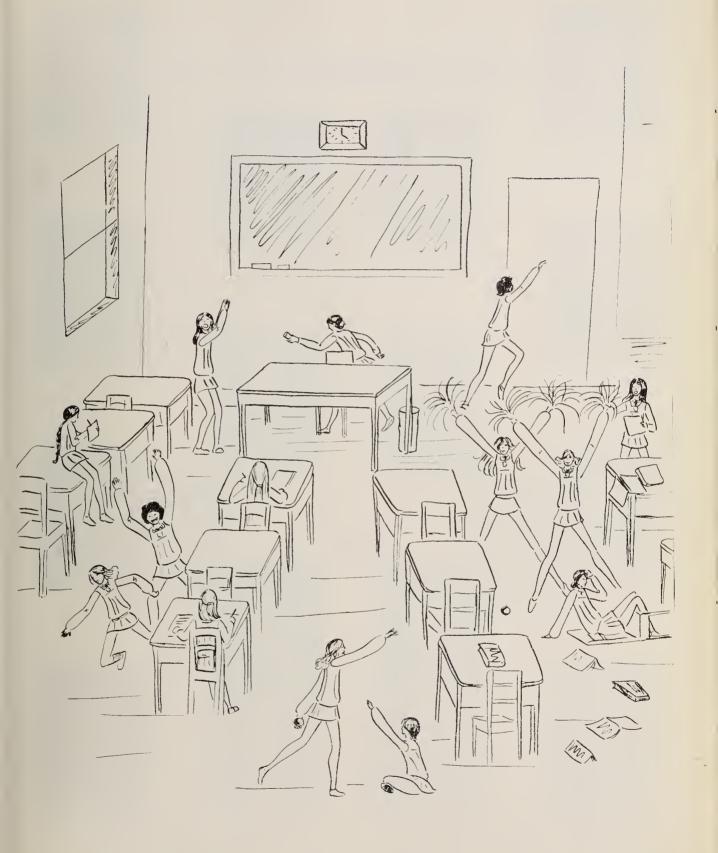
Karen Hayes



Barbara Coyne



Leslie MacMillan





Daphne Snelgrove



Karen Torontow



Ann Worthen



Heather Nesbitt

## **GRADE 12**



Liz Marion



Cathy Ashton



Alison Schofield



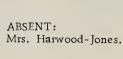
Barbara Howden



Melinda Halfhide



Luziah Ismail





Gail Sadler



Cathy Ginserg



Ara Nixon



Roberta Laking

## **GRADE 12 FORM NOTES**

#### 6M BAR BELLES

CAROL A - Rum & Poke
CATHIE A. - Home-brood Beer (sex pack)
MIRANDA C. - Rice Wine
TALITHA F. - Hunreken Beer
CATHY G. - Cackling Rosée
ANN G. - Ouzo
ALISON G. - Créme de Menthe
MELINDA H. - Saki
JILL H. - Bloody Mary
BARB H. - Zombie
LUZIAH I. - Singapore Sling
LOURDES J. - Pink Lady
ROBERTA L. - Cold Duck
CYNDI L. - Lucianti Wine
LIZ M. - Manhattan
HEATHER N. - Cracked Rosée
ARA N. - Nicky or Beefeater (½ pint)
GAIL S. - Horses' Neck
ALISON S. - Teacher's Best Whiskey
DAPHNE S. - Baby Duck
ANN W. - Wino - Cheap but Good!
KAREN T - Screwdriver
LORNA H. -J. - Mumm's Champagne



Jill Hepworth

ABSENT: Cyndi Leigh



Lourdes Jiminez



Talitha Fabricius



Ann Graham

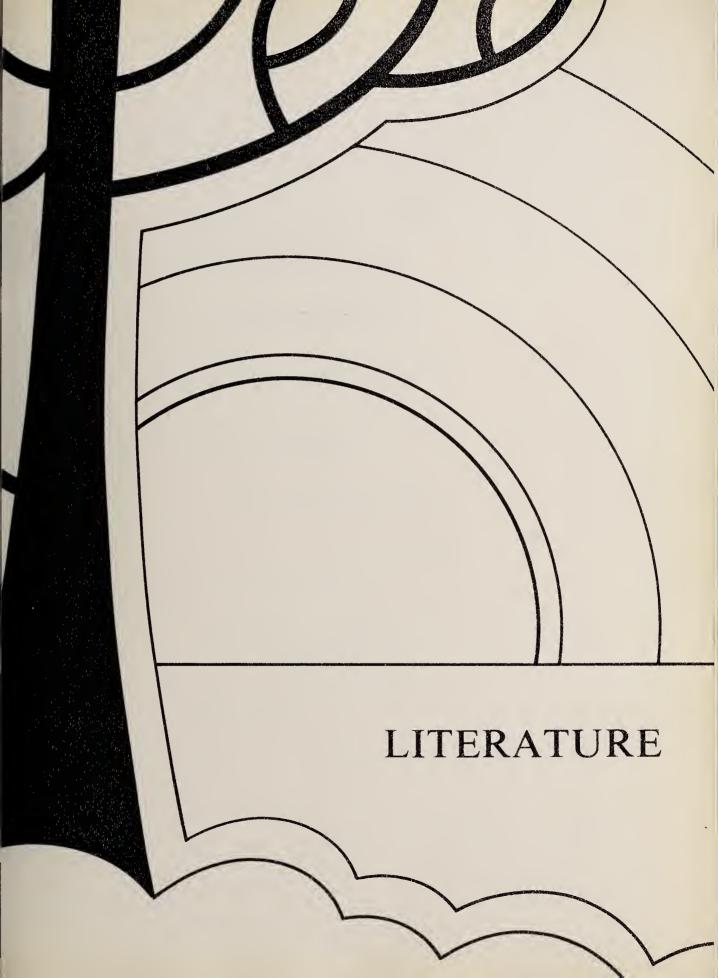


Alison Green



Carol Anderson





# Fundamentals of Life

i sleep only to dream to dream things without wasting time.

i walk only to think, to think things over silently, not hurting anyone.

i eat only to be strong to be strong to withstand things with courage.

i read only to learn, to learn things which i still do not know.

i write only to relate, to relate things which i cannot say.

i live only to love,
to love you, not wasting time,
not hurting anyone,
and learning with a
courage to say i am.

 $Lourdes\ Jimenez$ 

## MY ROCK

This is my hill and this my vale, This is my little cove. This is my land, my lonely land, Where no one else can go.

Here I sit and while away
The hours, watching clouds go by,
And chant, and whistle, sing, and pray.
Or simply sit with chin on hand
And watch the clouds go by.

The sky is blue, the clouds are white,
The grass is green, and this, my rock, is gray.
No one but me can find his way
To this enchanted Isle.
Only the sheep, cropping alone,
Keep watch with me a while.

And so 'twill be when man has Gone and past, forgotten, away. The sky is blue, the clouds are white, And this, my rock is grey.

Olenka Grygier, grade 10

She's happy when dreaming.
To her the whole world is seeming,
To break into a beautiful scene.

Flowers and horses, And snow sprinkled mosses, Are part of this lovely dream.

She sees a pretty spider's web, And a spider that is going to shed A skin of gold, it seems.

Now she is again awake, She will a poem make, About her dramatic dream scene.

Nicola Clark, grade 6.

### BEHIND BARS

Being behind bars isn't as bad as being asked why you're there- Questions knocked at his brain. No one seems to really care how he feels, and how much they're hurting him. Finally he gives up. He just ignores everything that bothers him. When people ask him questions, all he does is stare at them as if he doesn't understand what they're saying. The lively character he used to have has left him and probably will never return. He is doomed. He just shuts his eyes to the world, and everything in it-just not bothering.

Wendy McGillivray, grade 8

Death and Then
Death is a journey
Where you meet Eternity
Where do we go next?
Sarah Murray

My sisters they have golden hair They live in yonder tower And every dayin rain or shine, I bring them each a flower.

Franca Coe, grade 6

### TIME HAS FROZEN

Time has frozen And left me cold The ice upon the clock On the mantel Shines dully As does my life now

Time has frozen
And left me cold
Imprisoned within this time of dread
I am forced to face things
That before I could just let
Slip by me

Time has frozen And left me cold For I now must look And all I see is how Cold and dead my Life is

Jane Ann McBurney, grade 10

#### THE PARTY

music is playing and sounding wherever i go, people nodding their heads to the beat of it and clapping their hands to the rhythym. soft, quiet music brings two people together, alone in a crowd, talking with each other and moving to the pace of the music... slowly. soft, quiet music brings one person into a world of his own, maybe into a crowd of one, walking aimlessly to a destined somewhere, alone and unfound. people snapping their fingers and moving about, minds in another world. words from here and there, making no sense together, out-sounding the rock and rhythym of the music. cigarette smoke enshrouds the room, forming a blanket over the laughing, talking, lonely people. they seem to be floating through their own exhausted smoke. the alcoholed liquid quickly desapperars and dirty, empty glasses appear everywhere, leaving rings on the polished tables, but the bowls and bottles are filled again, and people are happy. outside some people go to be themselves without the music, the smoke, the drinks, they have each other, the beauty and sincerity of love and nature. this is the party.

Lourdes Jimenez



### SNOW FLAKE

I'm a snow flake falling from the sky.

Hey, there's another one. Hi! Good bye!

Poof! I've landed on the ground.

Help, here comes a foot! Pound!

Lisa Weinberger, grade 5

# THE MARE

Once upon a time, we were able to talk, Now, with doors closing ever so fast, I have changed. You, amid confusion of thoughts, I with my ideals of life; ever changed for the worst. It was once a bridge, though not very sturdy, which has now collapsed and left me on the other side.

My mind is now an incubus of evil thoughts Satan, doing his best, eats at my soul, Or, what is left of it.

Roberta Gildert, grade 10

Encore une fois
Je me promene dans la pluie battante
Ou bat mon coeur
Avec un rhythme hypnotique
Encore une fois
Je sens les doigts du temps passe
Et les larmes
Des fantomes de l'ete mourant
Encoure une fois
Je vois ton visage triste
Les yeux me disent adieu
Pendant que la pluie et nos larmes
Forment un melange de tristesse
Encore une fois
Je suis toute seule.

Janice Henry, grade 13

# Sounds of Freedom

the sounds of my nails clawing at the blackboard producing thrilling screeching sounds. cringe. let me free.

walls and the floor vibrating with each pound of my fist, red andraw with pain. I want no pity. open.

shattered glass tinkles to the floor, only to find myself faced with black iron bars. injured. let the sun in.

screaming and shouting quietly, sweat coming from within me. violent shaking but no use. exhaustion. help me.

click. can it be? is it? yes! the door is unlocked, creaking eerily as it opens. no one.

Lourdes Jimenez, grade 12

# FOG

Slowly and silently the fog
Creeps across the land.
Through the forest
Down the laughing creek
Taking hold of every tree and thing it sees.
But the fog then stops
And looks behind him.
Something is after him
So it is time to creep away.
Out of the forest
Away from the creek
Away from everything for the day.

Lynne Houwing, grade 7

### 6 P.M. KIDNAPPING BY FRIEDA HITCHOCK

I remember it clearly. It was a dark cold evening in Bytown and we were two innocent young girls, never knowing our weary destination.

We were sitting on a bench in a new mall called the Sparks Street Mall. We had just come from the Penny Arcade on Rideau. I was with Agatha Christie, one of my trusted friends.

We sat there shivering and watching dark shadows pass by under the street lamp. As I watched, I wondered how and when I was going to get home without coach fare. I expect Aggie was thinking the same. Then suddenly a familiar shadow passed by. Was it??? Could it be....? Surely not?! Yes! It was the Schoolmaster's young son, Anthony Carter II. We were stunned but we automatically tried to get his attention by whistling. He heard us and turned naturally, but he was changed since the last time we had seen him.

He had a scar under his left eye, and a bleeding lip, and...oh no! It was a pistol! He immediately pointed it at us and Aggie began to cry, but I looked at it from a more positive point of view. Why would he, the schoolmaster's son, be pointing a pistol at us? We had done nothing of harm to him in school or out, in fact, we hardly ever saw him.

He motioned us into a small nearby coach and we knew it wouldn't be worth our while to scream, because there were only a couple of drunken sailors nearby, so we kept silent. We got in the coach and sat down. Immediately after we had done this, Anthony tied our hands and feet and gagged us. Then, strangely enough, he blindfolded us. Since I had sharp ears, I know that we went along a narrow cobblestone road and then on to a gravel road. The coach stopped, Anthony untied us and took off our gags, but he left our blindfolds on. He led us up some steps and then knocked on the door. It was opened and we stepped in. Anthony removed our blindfolds and out jumped familiar faces. They all yelled out, "April Fool!"...

Vicky Gall, grade 6

### SPRING IS NEARLY HERE

The world I used to know, Is covered now with snow, I smell the scent of fresh sweet grass, Which soon appears upon this path, The scent of spring is in the air, Putting on a cloak to wear, Breathe it in and let it out, Don't fortell a single doubt, That spring is nearly here.

Candy Warren, grade 5

### SEEING OUTSIDE

Snow has been falling for such a time Falling from houses windows and chimes Icicles are dripping from the sunshine and from the rain.

When rain comes, everything changes no matter What the season Summer it cools off the weather, spring and fall it Brings a fresh scent. But winter it adds to the wetness.

Sandy Zagerman, gr. 6

#### LIFE

#### AN AUTUMN TREE

The fire started on an autumn tree, one bright and sunny day. It burst forth, both arms full of colours. So still, and yet so violent. Golds, oranges and reds hugged tree. Then, ever so softly, the flames fluttered down and began to lick the grass. Within a few days, the tree was bare, and the ground was all aflame.

Emily Conway, grade 7.

Ups and downs,
Sad and happy,
Win and lose,
Life isn't easy for anyone.
Someone dies, someone is born,
Life goes on.

Starving children, Blind children, Crippled children, God, help us help the helpless. Life goes on.

Rich people, poor people, Black people, white people, Jewish people, Catholic people, Life isn't easy for anyone, Some must give and not receive. Can life go on?

Jane Nicholls, grade 13

# SACRED POSSESSIONS

The ice age has struck! No human being can survive it's chilling massiveness. The earth is doomed!

Yet I remain to my lonely life as a hermit, living in a tatty old hut on top of a mountain peak; someday, though, to be swallowed up by the devouring ice.

As I stand on the grass roof of my cabin, I think to myseIf, "What if I'm the only person, as of now, Iiving on the entire earth? Perhaps there's another man scanning the world from his rooftop out there. Anyway, it's sad to think that down there lies the waste and rubbish that once made our civilisation.

When I finally focus in, there comes to me a wild idea, almost ludicrous. Maybe I can gather some belongings together and put them in a container. Just some relics, in case a few spacemen or martians have a crazy notion of visiting our planet after mankind is totally demolished.

Inside I shuffle around for a box, and seeing that I'm a poor hermit, ten objects are sufficient.

In the end, I place the box on the chimney stack, being the highest point, and tie it securely with rope, otherwise it would blow away.

The sacred possessions that are hidden inside are as follows: a tin of dull razor blades, a torn up teddy bear, a clothes hanger, a harmonica, a photo album, an overwound alarm clock, a horse shoe, a smouldering pipe, a pillow feather, and last of all, an embroidered table mat reading, 'Home, Sweet Home'.

Virginia Lamont, grade 8

Black, black water lapping silently over the desolate shore was all the old, bent fisher-man saw day after day. Only an occasional wandering boat, trying to find it's way out of the cove, changed the scene. Sitting on a large, white rock, with a single withering plant striving for breath to soften it's jagged edges, he would fish.

The fisherman lived on the opposite shore, where there was higher ground, where the many pines spoke softly to the squeaky moss that lay beneath his feet, where there was no change.

One day on the well trodden path, the flour-like dust was unmoved and the rock's well-worn surface had no protection from the water's spray. Because there were no rocks to hold down the lobster cages, they rolled with the wind. The plant died for no one came with the encouragement it needed to live. The whole shore died. Without the fisherman there was no life.

Jennifer Harris, gr. 8

# LIFE AND DEATH

"Rain", I thought to myself, as I glanced out the large window one spring day. The trees were glistening with raindrops and the flowers were heavily weighed down.

I walked outside with my brightly coloured umbrella over my head. I wanted to be alone, to be away from my nagging parents. The forest path, as I walked down it, was laden with miniature buds and flowers.

Suddenly I heard footsteps. The sudden crack of a twig broke the beautiful silence of nature. I turned around, just to find that there was nobody in sight. I continued walking but again I heard the snap of a twig. I stopped and muttered to myself, "Somebody is following me!" As quick as a flash, I turned around to get a quick glance of my pursuer.

A large man wearing a brown suit, was coming towards me. I stood there unable to move. My feet were frozen to the ground. The man moved closer, closer. I stared with amazement-this man was my older brother. He pulled a gun out of his pocket and aimed it at me.

I managed to choke out two words, "Why?...Why?"
The birds sang sweetly in the trees. The crickets chirped their songs too. The grass waved gently in the breeze. Nature, in all it's living beauty was before my closed eyes.

Debbie Baxter - grade 10

Old brick houses Are lined on the sides of the road Trees bow gracefully in respect For the houses. The wind blows gently While the leaves on the trees perform a soft ballet For the houses. A soft voice in the wind whispers: "The houses stand proud Deserving the respect Of the worshipping trees. The houses stand proud With histories worth remembering -Of human strife, Of human joys and sorrows. Time has not yet conquered, Respect is due."

The wind stops blowing Trees no longer sway there Time stands still. Then the wind bows once more Through an empty field.

Ranjana Basu, grade 10

## FOG

Resting down upon the town, Heaving it's body on the houses, Rubbing against the straight grey building, Leaving it's breath behind.

It creeps in nicks and cricks and sticks, It winds itself round lamp posts, It makes the familiar seem so strange, That even a dog can lose his way.

Blackening the lighted lanes, Blinding peoples' way, Dampening clothes and giving colds, As it moves along it's way.

Emily Conway, grade 7

The spring scent smells like freedom that is melting. The smell of the wind, the touch of dust, and even the dropping twigs are all part of this fabulous Spring.

The light blue sky reminds one of the chattering birds. You can almost hear them singing the soft sweet song of Spring.

Marianne Karsh, grade 6

# COMMUNICATION

Solitude Heaped on Solitude, Not unfriendly on the empty beach. I see it Lying, alien elegant, irridescent, Alone on the beach in the sunlight. A gift To fill the heart And mind And eyes; I held the conch shell To my ear Listening -Imprisoned in this exiled curve Of Michelangelo pink And marbled rose on white Mottled darkly, Are the Surging sea sounds From a coralled bed. Deep beyond deepness in a Fathomed recess; Harbouring for centuries the echoes Of home. But as I listen I hear Nothing But the Sound of your Voice.

Janice Henry, grade 13

### MUSIC AND ME

I am music.
Music is me.
I sit in the dark and
It envelopes my soul.
With music I am
Complete.
One.
As a whole.
I am with music.
Soothing chords and
Tranquil words,
Lull me into
Unconsciousness.
I am music.
Music is me.

Jane Ann McBurney, grade 10

cold and nippy the wind, crisp and refreshing the air this fine autumn morning.

leaves have changed and are still changing as days swiftly transform.

children who play, laughing the while running quicly to where.

ground is leaf-covered, early morning dew on grass sparkling like diamonds.

one car, one bicycle going somewhere to something, all hurrying away, leaving.

i am left to sit lonely remembering forgotten, forgetting remembers.

lourdes jimenez

## THE SONG OF THE DEAD

The wind through the graveyard

Whirling and moaning as it smoothed The storm-roughened edges of the tombstones Whispering as it twirled

The Song of the Dead

"We were once alive", it sung as it creaked through the treetops above the crypt.

"We breathed the fresh clean air of the Universe Each in our life loved and was loved in return.

How dimly we remember the times when We laughed, carefree and happy, not worrying about what was to come.

Cherished are the memories of when, as children, we lay in bed, Hugging in our arms one ragged old teddy bear,

Dreaming about tomorrow, and what it would bring And now we lie here, shrivelled and wretched

In our captivity

Knowing that never again would we feel the warmth and vitality of a human body, or see the rosy glow of the morning sun as it throws off the dark cloak of night.

Hark, we hear the mourning voices of those who loved one newly passed away.

Soon another corpse shall join in the chorus of The Song of the Dead.

Kathy Whitham

#### THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day the lion and the mouse were having a poker game. The lion was called 'Arctic Cat' because he was so fast and good at poker. The mouse was a bit rusty at it, though, and a cigar kept him going. The only reason that the lion always won was because he had the famous 'Rules of Poker' book under the table. The lion won because of the book, but the mouse soon found out that the lion was cheating, so the lion was put out of the championships and the mouse declared winner.

One day, the lion came to the mouse's house and said, "Let me in, or I'll huff and puff and blow your house down." He came in and said, "Because you found out of my cheating, I will have to kill you; so be in the playground tomorrow and we will play 'Cowboys and Indians'. I will be the cowboy and have a real gun, and you will be the Indian and have a real bow and arrow".

Next day, the mouse went to the playground, in his Indian suit, to find the lion not there. He searched the forest and found him in a net. The lion said, "Let me out and I'll give you some candy."

But the mouse was not all that stupid. He would not let the lion out because if he gave him some candies he would get cavities and then he could not break the rope, so the lion died of starvation.

Moral: You'll wonder where the lion went,
If you brush your teeth with Pepsodent.

Carole Enahoro, grade 8

# CHRISTMAS STORY

He walked merrily in and looked happily around. All the children in the Pleasant family were thinking of what they would like for Christmas. For the Pleasants, Christmas was a special time of year. Andrew was the youngest of three children.

One day he was all alone in a toy store. This didn't happen very often. There was always someone to say, "OH, this is nice. Look at this!" They would point to colouring books and crayons, and to all the things he hated most. He always got things he didn't want at all for Christmas. But there in the corner was a big red dump truck with white wheels. Just then his mother walked in. "Oh, there you are! Andrew." He pointed to the truck. His mother looked at the price tag. "It's too costly, Andrew. I'm sorry." The tears rushed to his eyes he tried not to cry, but he couldn't stop. His mother saw him trying not to cry and hugged him tightly.

Christmas finally came and all the children in the Pleasant house were excited. They all rushed downstairs and looked at the presents and started to open them. Suddenly, someone said, "Hey! Look at that present there. The tag says 'Andrew'". They all shouted "Open it! Open it!" Andrew rushed to it, ripping the paper as he opened it, and there before him was the big red dump truck. With a shout of glee, he ran and hugged his parents.

Holly North, grade 7.

Orange is the sun that glows in the day Orange are the flowers That bloom in May

Orange is an orange or a drink Orange is an orange dress with some pink

Orange is a rug
Or maybe even an
orange bug
Orange is a butterfly
or maybe a moth
Orange is some marmelade
And a piece of cloth
Orange is a piece of cardboard
Or maybe a book . . . And sometimes
maybe something somebody took.

Dee Dee Brookbank, Prep.

THE RAIN SAYS

The rain says drip - drop on the roof And in my head I see Puddles Flashing brightly in the light.

Nan Bell, Prep.

What is Black?
Black is the night
And chimney soot.
Black berries and grapes
Are some fruit
The tail of a rabbit
And a terrible habit
Are Black.

Joy Eaglesome, Prep.



# **ANGUISH**

The pen moves back and forth, creating beauty and life of an inanimated piece of colourless paper.

With each loop, the lines vibrate with a song, to be sung or silently read.

The scratching on the paper becomes faster and louder until

- silence -

Life is on the table, in blue on white, and with one sudden movement, becomes a crushed little ball.

lourdes jimenez





# ELMWOOD

### I AM THE RAIN

If I was the rain, I'd soak everyone through, Even those with raincoats And umbrellas too.

Laura Atchison, Prep.

## THE RAIN

I think it is nice
But not to mice
Then it seems to turn into ice
When it drops.
I like to get wet
And so does my pet.

Written by Tara Bell, Prep.

# RAIN

The rain is falling on my head, And I am having fun, I run and jump and splash. I see the tulips when they're out, I hear the patter Of raindrops on the roof.

Anne Tessier

je vais retourner un jour,
mais pas maintenant.
je dois trouver
quelque chose
que j'ai perdu moi.

lourdes jimenez















# **PSYCHE**

grip, tight, tighter.
let your feelings
flow through your
arms, hands, and
fingers, out onto
something.
flow, free. freer.
ease down and
relax. tension
no longer exists
in your body. it
has escaped.
be.

lourdes.



# GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT









TO PLAY ...





## THE GONDOLIERS - GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, 1973

To mount the annual musical, Ashbury and Elmwood were singularly blessed this year with many fine voices of solo quality, a fact most fortunate in that the play involves twelve solo roles.

The "Gondoliers" was the play for which both Gilbert and Sullivan severely criticized each other, and dabbled in the usual 'forte' of the other, - words versus music. As a result the flow tends to be halting at times.

Mr. Josselyn's infinite patience and care for the quality of production overcame this weakness in the material, a solid unified effort during the whole play. He spent untold hours rehearsing with all of the principles and was able to judge from, AND participate in his "little heartbreaker" part with equal precision and gusto.

The chorus, under the direction of Mr. Graham, began to learn music earlier than ever before this year, and the end result was gratifying; the singing was strong and clear at all times, and the united choral effect first place.

Credits are numerous: suffice it to mention the principles and supporting crew - Mary Christie and Di Conway as Contadine, Cyndi Leigh as the Princess, Ara Nixon the "mom", Mrs. McCrae as the stuffy Duchess. Backstage were Gail Sadler, Cathy Ashton, Lourdes Jiminez, and Jane Nicholls.

The gondolieri were portrayed by Michael O'Brien and Gord Howe, the drummer-boy by Doug Pearce, Mr. Josselyn the

Duke, and the superb old Grand Inquisitor by Joe Martyniuk.

A special note must be made of the dual role of splendid work contributed by Mrs Harwood-Jones, in training the ladies' chorus as well as playing the accompainment for the two performances.

April 13 was no unlucky day for the gondolieri and contadine! The vitality and clarity of performance was a joy to watch and hear, from "Boun giorno" through to "Cachucha". All who were part of the one-hundred per cent effort receive the gratitude of those to whom the "Gondoliers" gave such happiness.



# **OPENING NIGHT**















TOP ROW: Susan McColm, Pamela Sumner, Emily Conway, Julia Sumner, Jane Burke-Robertson, Inger Whist, Vivian Enahoro, Sara Jane Murray, Marie Louise Pawlikowski. MIDDLE ROW: Holly North, Margot Bethune, Rachel Jackson, Sian Warwick, Poppy Don, Jennifer Harris, Anna Downing, Virginia Lamont, Carol Enahoro, Sara Jane Ramplee-Smith, Wendy McGillivray. BOTTOM ROW: Felicity Smith, Naomi Thompson, Nan Bell, Brenda Kimmel, Heather Lawson, Tara Bell, Ann M. Tessier, Maureen Assaly, Lisa Weinberger, Suzanne Pataki.



TOP ROW: Debbie Williams, Florentia Conway, Judy Martin, Roberta Laking, Mary Christie, Luziah Ismail, Diana Conway, Olenka Grygier, Debbie Baxter, Cyndi Leigh. BOTTOM ROW: Talitha Fabricius, Alison Green, Cathy Ginsberg, Heather McIntosh, Ann Graham, (Choir Monitor); Isabel Douglas, Janice Henry, Wendy Hampson, Jane Nicholls, Virginia Dunsby.

58

# **SUISANG COMMITTEE**



Cathy Ginsberg Alison Schofield Roberta Laking

The library has proved most successful this year. Although no major changes have taken place, additional furniture and shelves have added greatly to the library as a whole. We are very grateful to Mrs. Laidler who, prior to the reopening of school this year, put a great deal of time and effort into the reorganization of the library.

Much interest has been taken in the library and it has become a 'welcome haven' for students during their spares. Due to the fact that the rule of 'Absolute Silence in the Library' has not always been observed, the library has become not only a place where one can read and study, but also a place where one can go to catch up on the latest gossip!

My thanks to Cathy Guthrie and Heather McIntosh for their help as members of the Library Committee.

Barbara Coyne, Head of Library Committee

# REACH FOR THE TOP



Cyndi Leigh

Daphne Snelgrove

Alison Schofield

Ara Nixon

# **PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST**



Jennifor Miles

Victoria Call

Wandy McGillisms



FOURTH ROW: Dale Carr-Harris, Talitha Fabricius, Elizabeth Marion, Susan Atack, Debbie Baxter, Jennifer Miles, Wendy Tench, Sandra Sutherland, Wendy MacPhee, Barbara Coyne, Lesley Ogilvie, Inger Whist, Shelagh Hurley, Heather McIntosh, Elena Vaillancourt, Alison Schofield. THIRD ROW: Jennifer Johnston, Carol Anderson, Sandra Kovachic, Ranjana Basu, Akiko Nishiyama, Julia Clubb, Gail Sadler, Elizabeth Sellars, Debbie Williams, Ara Nixon, Melinda Halfhide, Debbie Masterman, Joy Ramcharan. SECOND ROW: Judy Martin, Florentia Conway, Naomi Thompson, Alexandra Wilson, Carla Peppler, Cathy Green, Judy Young, Poppy Don, Rachel Jackson, Susan McColm, Janice Henry, Sonya Taticek, Karen Turner. FIRST ROW: Victoria Gall, Anna Downing, Maureen Assaly, Laura Atchison, Daintry Smith, Wendy Hampson, (House Head); Alison Urie, Helen Richards, Susan Anderson, Joyce Eaglesome, Felicity Smith.

## Dear Fry,

The year is coming to a close but it seems that it is still September. When it goes, it will take many fond memories with it . . . numerous bake sales, pant days, the sticky tape race which our house won for the third successive year, and the laborious selling and collecting of those Kiwanis Club travelogue tickets which Carol Anderson handled so well. Also - the House of Fry Fudge Sale, which took place on the nights of the 'Gondoliers' performances was a great success. Who had more fun - the juniors who sold fudge, or the grade thirteens who packaged and sampled it?

Fry this year experienced both victory and defeat, but as always, displayed good sportsmanship. In raising money to meet the \$30.00 goal, we surpassed the limit by an overwhelming margin.

There are many thanks to be said to our junior house head, Carla Peppler, who led one of our house meetings, and my unofficial vice head, Daintry Smith, who did her best to cheer me up in 'times of trouble'. I would also like to thank Alex Wilson on her winning of over a hundred red stars, and Shelagh Hurley for being a fantastic sports captain.

On behalf of myself I would like to say thank you to you all, in achieving the most red stars and house points, the most money and as always, the best house.



FOURTH ROW: Karen Hayes, Tina Kealey, Isabel Douglas, Lesley Murdoch, Lesley McMillan, Lee-Anne Henri, Debbie Sipolins, Cathy Ginsberg, Ann Worthen, Susan Vaast, Nadine Cvetanovic, Daphne Snelgrove, Olenka Grygier, Heather Nesbitt, Cathy Guthrie. THIRD ROW: Mary Christie, Angela Cvetanovic, Jane Burke-Robertson, Julia Woods, Carol Waudby-Smith, Margot Bethune, Patrice Stinson, Cordula von Keller, Cathy Whitham, Debbie Goodwin, Marie Louise Pawlikowski, Donna MacPhee, Lucy Ismail, Ann Graham. SECOND ROW: Patricia Lynch-Staunton, Sonia Topelko, Megan Chapell, Hazel Eaglesome, Sian Warwick, Jennifer Harris, Raine Phythian, Susan Sourial, Wendy McGillivray, Pamela Sumner. FIRST ROW: Candy Warren, Sandra Zagerman, Cathy Harris, Heather Lawson, Sheri Price, Meg Snelgrove, (House Head); Dorie Blair, Lesley Banner, Ann M. Tessier, Lisa Weinberger, Lindsay Price.

Keller House has had a most successful year, and I would like to say 'Thank-you' to my house for your constant support and help in all of our projects. Our 'white elephant' sale was more than successful and we managed to raise twenty-six of the \$30.00 required for our foster children. Whatever money we made that was left over we used on a Keller House Party. There was most enthusiastic support for the teddy bear raffle, which was won by our youngest member of the school - purely coincidental! Our other projects were also successful: these include a book sale, and a ticky tape race during Spirit Week. Also, many thanks to Marie Louise who polished shoes for us. In all, we have raised \$62.00.

You really fulfilled our motto of 'Fair play' during sports in which the junior members of our house won the basket-ball.

I would like to thank Keller for all your support and overwhelming house spirit. Special thanks to Susan Sourial, my Junior Head. I hop you all agree that we had lots of fun as a house.

Good luck in the future, Meg Snelgrove



FOURTH ROW: Julia Sumner, Jill Hepworth, Karen Torontow, Janis Robertson, Sara Jane Ramplee-Smith, Roberta Laking, Diana Conway, Susan Laroque, Susan Reid, Keltie Anne Johnston, Vivian Enahoro, Monica Stinson, Cyndi Leigh, Virginia Dunsby, Carol Enahoro. THIRD ROW: Nina Walsh, Alison Green, Sara Jane Murray, Virginia Lamont, Roberta Gildert, Frances Elkie, Helen Barry, Jane Martin, Donna Lurtz, Leandra Ramcharan, Emily Conway, Janet Kimmel. SECOND ROW: Mimi Singh, Lynn Houwing, Ailsa Francis, Barbara Clark, Bobbi Lee Kenny, Amanda Greenhalgh, Holly North, Victoria Woods, Jane Scarth, Jane Nicholls, Cathy Ashton, Ellen Nadolny, FIRST ROW: Francesca Coe, Debbie Hillary, Dee Dee Brookbank, Tara Bell, Sharon Nadolny, Ann Perley-Robertson, (House Head); Nancy Gall, Brenda Kimmel, Nan Bell, Jennifer Horwood, Suzanne Pataki.

### Hi!

I'd like to thank everyone in the house for a successful year. In sports, I was more than pleased with the turn ours and you played not only hard and well, but fairly, as well. Cindy and Virginia really got the spirit going, thanks so much, both of you.

The results of the bake sales were great, and I hope that at the end of the year we will all be able to do something as a whole.

I would also like to thank those who helped in the Christmas party, I thought that showed a lot of our spirit. Since the beginning of the year, I feel the spirit has gone uphill, and I hope it will continue to do so next year too... lots of luck.

Many thanks to Lourdes and Carole for their support and ideas.

I wish everyone happiness for the future,

Love,

"It is hard . . . to break the ties which bind us to our homes and friends, and harder still to efface the thousand recollections of happy days and old times."

# JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS CAPTAINS



Jennifer Johnston

Lindsay Price

Virginia Lamont



# JUNIOR INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL

TOP ROW: Susan Sourial, Margot Bethune, Inger Whist, Carole Enahoro, Lynn Houwing, Donna Lurtz. BOTTOM ROW: Akiko Nishiyama, Wendy Mcgillivray, Jennifer Johnston, Susan McColm.

# SR. INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL



TOP ROW: Karen Hayes, Lesley Ogilvie, Donna MacPhee, Janis Robertson. MIDDLE ROW: Shelagh Hurley, Julia Clubb, Wendy MacPhee. BOTTOM ROW: Ara Nixon, Wendy Hampson, Mimi Singh. FRONT: Cyndi Leigh.



# JR. INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL

TOP ROW: Sonya Taticek, Keltie Anne Johnston, Florentia Conway, Elena Vaillancourt, Wendy MacPhee. BOTTOM ROW: Debbie Baxter, Judy Young, Shelagh Hurley, Susan Atack.

I would like to thank all the girls who participated in sports this year. In particular, I thank my sports representatives from the houses: from Fry, Jennie Johnston and Shelagh Hurley; from Nightingale, Virginia Lamont and Cyndi Leigh; and from Keller, Lindsay Price and Lesley Murdoch. I would also like to thank my assistant sports head, Ara Nixon.

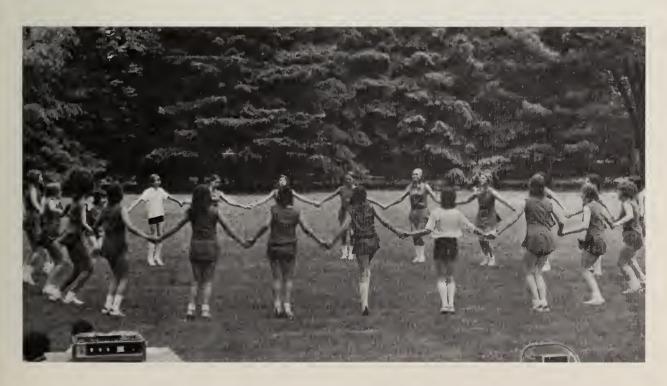
These girls did a good job this year, and I wish them good luck in organizing sports for Elmwood in the future. I would also like to give special thanks to Mrs. Churchill. We had fun this year with our inter-house and inter-class games - "We'll beat those grade twelves if it kills us!"

I think the house Mottoes best exemplify life at Elmwood: "Fair Play" - Keller; "Not for ourselves alone" - Nightingale; and "Friendship to all" - Fry. I hope we have lived up to these mottoes in our sports life this year and continue to remember and use them in the years to come.

Susan Cohen, Sports Captain

# SPORTS DAY '73









Well endowed Briton, right; "Well, as I was saying, these Canadians have no idea how to dress . . ." Her charming chum, left; "Yes, so few people here have any idea what to wear on Sports Day."

"You'd be smirking too if this was your last day with the Class of '73".



Two representatives of ethnic groups in Grade 13,: a Blackfoot (Loudmouth), and a Yank.















"Can you tell which of these two prefects had braces? Not many people can."



"Have we a license to sell cookies on the tennis court? . . . Well no, Mrs. Carter."



The Sensuous Women



Once again we are meeting mark the end of the school year, and to recognize the graduates and those who have done outstandingly well during the past months. Elmwood is always proud of the successes of its daughters. The world has changed a great deal since the name of the first head girl went up on the board in the gym, but the hopes of the parents and teachers for the young people under their care have not changed. We still wish for them a fulfilled, happy and complete life . . . It is vastly more important than ever before that we try to send out into the world young women who are stable, motivated, clear eyed, and who have an enduring set of values. The horizons are wide, not only for women, but for all mankind. Young people graduating in these years may carry the colours of their schools and colleges not just to the ends of the earth but far into the universe itself . . . I was reminded of the universal and everlasting curiosity of man, so well illustrated so long ago by seventeenth century Sir Thomas Browne . . . "What songs the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions," he said happily, "are not beyond all conjecture", and he hotly defended the right and indeed the duty of man to enquire . . .

In face of all the ferment of excitement and change of the age, the job of the educator is never easy. Students criticise programmes as irrelevant, universities complain that students come to them ill-prepared, the high schools blame the public schools and at times everybody blames the parents . . . Change we must have, but change with caution. Perhaps the private schools are lucky in that they have never had vast sums to draw on from the public purse and caution has always been a necessity. Tradition is a stabilizing influence, too, which has real value when so many innovators seem so hell-bent on rocking the boat. Yet even tradition must be re-examined from time to time, and this re-examination does not make life easy . . . Anyone in administration emerges often from the decisions of each day a little tattered, even rent, by the effort to keep a constant balance between a slavish following of what has been done before and a mad dash for the new and popular.

Perhaps the most significant change we have made this year is in the adoption of the credit system . . . we should bear in mind, as so well expressed by our good friend Dr. Laidler in his address to a meeting of Independent School Principals . . . that a curriculum "should not be modified to the student's desires, but tailored to suit his needs".

I would like to thank the Mothers Guild for all their good work, the gifts to the library, the prizes they have given . . . I also most sincerely thank Mrs. Martin and the Board for their unfailing help and support, and Mrs. Aldous and my splendid staff who gave so much . . .

-Excerpts from Mrs. Whitwill's speech, Closing 1973.

Philpot Token: Awarded to the girl who best maintained the spirit and ideals, which, as well as a high standard of scholarship, achievement in games, and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of service, freedom, and fair play. Awarded to: Nancy Gall.

Summa Summarum: Awarded to the Senior girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of the school and who possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship, and the capacity to achieve. Awarded to: Alison Urie.



LEFT: Nancy Gall, Head Prefect. RIGHT: Alison Urie, Head Girl.

#### **VALEDICTORY ADDRESS 1973**

Usually it is the accepted practise of a valedictorian to guide her audience back through several years of nostalgic sightseeing or to drown her peers in glory and good wishes for the future. In the last few years it has become even more appropriate to rip up her diploma and comment on its worthlessness and then, with the zealous enthusiasm of a Christian crusader and with unequalled rhetoric, tear down the educational system that has governed her since she started school. Then the speaker can blame wars, pollution and poverty on her parents and teachers who supposedly control and manipulate the system. I do not propose to do either.

I have been dismayed frequently this year by the selfishness and inconsideration for others which some of us have shown. Such selfishness is not, of course, confined to Elmwood, but surely, in a school of this size, offering the advantages that it does, attitudes of this kind should be minimized. Possibly, the very size of the school alone has allowed for such selfishness to grow, but by the same token, its size should enable us more easily to practice a genuine respect for each other. This applies not only to the students but the teachers as well. A common respect must be held for the knowledge and experience of the other. Teachers must be willing to accept the changes that will remove them from their comfortable niches and the students should not only request changes to satisfy selfish motives.

Some of you talk of poor spirit of Elmwood. I haven't searched for "Rah-Rah" types this year, or tried to mould anyone into such a person. I have tried to encourage intelligent, constructive criticism, and, in some ways, there has been success that will eventually reflect on the spirit of the school. Only when our selfish motives overtake our sense of rationality, is the spirit poor. Our spirit will take care of itself when both teachers and students recognize that each can contribute to the welfare of all.

I think we have made real progress in the past few years but much remains to be done. If the students can continue to convince the teachers that they can act intelligently and responsibly in a degree of self'government there is no question in my mind that Elmwood students will provide the atmosphere which newcomers expect in a school today. Five years ago, I walked into Elmwood, the typical new girl - with my belt through the belt-loops, my new oxfords immaculately polished, and my rings and makeup left at home. It must be five years since I've been dressed so well. In the years since that first day, I have made many real friends and had many good times - I enjoyed the times we sneaked out for a quick cigarette, and our water and snowball fights. As is found anywhere, there were bad times - like getting caught while sneaking a cigarette. It is not the bad times that will remain in my memory, but rather, the experiences I had and what I learned from them and the people I encountered. I only hope that I, and my fellow graduates, can look back and feel that, for all the frustrations, the friends and experiences we gained have made our days at Elmwood worthwile.

Good luck to all, have fun, and be good!

#### **CLOSING - JUNE 1973**

FORM PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE HIGHEST AVERAGE FOR THE YEAR

Preparatory Heather Lawson
Grade 5 Candy Warren
Grade 6 Victoria Gall
Grade 7 Felicity Smith
Grade 8 Akiko Nishiyama

PROFICIENCY STANDING - 80% and over up to and including 5B 75% and over in 5A, 6M, and 6U.

PREPS
Laura Aitchison
Adrienne Brookbank
Tara Bell
GRADE 5

Jennifer Horwood Helen Richards GRADE 6 Francesca Coe Katherine Harris Sandra Zagerman

GRADE 7
Poppy Don
Anna Downing
Hazel Eaglesome
Lynne Huowing
Sian Warwick
Alex Wilson
GRADE 8
Megan Chapell

Jenni Johnston
Virginia Lamont
Carla Peppler
Raine Phythian
Lindsay Price
Susan Sourial

GRADE 9
Angela Cvetanovic
Mimi Singh
Sonya Taticek

Carolyn Waudby-Smith

GRADE 10 Ranjana Basu Virginia Dunsby Shelagh Hurley Heather McIntosh Katherine Whitham GRADE 11 Barbara Coyne Karen Hayes Sandra Kovachic Donna MacPhee Monica Stinson Deborah Williams GRADE 12 Catherine Ashton Talitha Fabricius Alison Green Lourdes Jimenez Roberta Laking Elizabeth Marion

Heather Nesbitt

Gail Sadler Daphne Snelgrove

GRADE 13

Nancy Gall

Janice Henry

Daintry Smith

Catherine McEwen

LAIDLER CUP: Awarded to the girl who, not necessarily the highest in the form in studies or sports, has made her mark on the Junior School by her good character and dependability. It is given to a girl who can be relied upon at any time, and is always helpful and thoughtful of others. Awarded to Wendy McGillivray.

GRADE EIGHT ENGLISH PRIZE Raine Phythian GRADE EIGHT HISTORY PRIZE Susan Sourial Junior Prize for Progress - PREPS: Maureen Assaly, GR. 5 and 6: Marianne Karsh. Junior Prize for Effort - PREPS: Joyce Eaglesome. GR. 5 and 6: Katherine Green. GR. 7 and 8: Lynne Huowing. MOTHERS' GUILD PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZE Junior Junior Victoria Gall Junior Wendy McGillivray Shelagh Hurley Intermediate Senior Jennifer Miles JUNIOR ART AND SEWING: Marie Louise Pawlikowski INTERMEDIATE ART: Vicky Woods SENIOR ART: Anne Stevenson JUNIOR CHOIR: Jennifer Harris SENIOR CHOIR: Ann Graham JUNIOR MUSIC: Akiko Nishiyama SENIOR MUSIC: Virginia Dunsby THE ELIZABETH TANCZYK SCIENCE PRIZE FOR INTER-EST: Gordula von Keller INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH: Shelagh Hurley INTERMEDIATE MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE: Debbie Williams INTERMEDIATE HISTORY (outstanding improvement): Cathy Guthrie INTERMEDIATE COMMERCIAL PRIZE: Deborah Baxter JUNIOR FRENCH PRIZE: Virginia Lamont ROTHWELL 5C ENGLISH PRIZE: Carolyn Waudby-Smith BELLRINGERS PRIZE: Judy Martin



LIBRARY MONITOR: Barbara Coyne

SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR
Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school
life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the
girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows
leadership, good standing in her class, keeness in sports,
and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school.
Awarded to Jenni Johnston.

#### SPORTS AWARDS

GREEN FORM DRILL CUP: Grade 9 Accepted by Susan Reid
SYMMINGTON INTER HOUSE BASKETBALL SENIOR: Fry and Nightingale
JUNIOR SCHOOL INTER HOUSE BASKETBALL: Keller SENIOR INTER HOUSE VOLLEYBALL: Fry INTER HOUSE SPORTS CUP: Fry
WILSON SENIOR SPORTS CUP: Daphne Snelgrove
DUNLOP INTERMEDIATE SPORTS CUP: Shelagh Hurley
FAUQUIER JUNIOR SPORTS CUP: Lynne Huowing
CROWDY-WEIR BANTAM SPORTS CUP: Vicky Gall and Kathy Green
MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP: Wendy MacPhee
PHYSICAL EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL: Shelagh Hurley



GAIL SADLER: Ewing Cup for Character

HOUSE HEAD AWARDS: Fry-Wendy Hampson Keller-Meg Snelgrove Nightingale - Anne Perley-Robertson MATRICULATION GEOGRAPHY PRIZE: Lourdes Jimenez JUNIOR MATRICULATION MATH PRIZE (outstanding effort): Gail Sadler GREENBLATT JUNIOR MATRIC ENGLISH PRIZE: Elizabeth Marion FIRESTONE 5A MATRICULATION LATIN PRIZE: Sandra Kovachic SENIOR MATRICULATION MATH PRIZE: Daintry Smith SENIOR MATRICULATION LATIN PRIZE: Cathy Ashton SENIOR MATRICULATION SPANISH PRIZE: Pat Lynch-Staunton SENIOR MATRICULATION GERMAN PRIZE: Talitha Fabricius SENIOR MATRICULATION BIOLOGY PRIZE: Daphne Snelgrove SENIOR MATRICULATION HISTORY PRIZE: Susan Laroque SENIOR MATRICULATION ENGLISH PRIZE: Janice Henry SENIOR MATRICULATION FRENCH PRIZE: Nancy Gall SENIOR MATRICULATION CLASSICS PRIZE: Nancy Gall HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN 6 UPPER ARTS: Nancy Gall HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN 6 UPPER SCIENCES: Daintry Smith FORM MISTRESS'S PRIZE GRADE 13: Cathy McEwen GRAHAM FORM TROPHY: Grade 13 HOUSE TROPHY: Fry EDWARD'S PRIZE FOR GOOD GENERAL IMPROVEMENT: Mimi ALL ROUND CONTRIBUTION TO SCHOOL LIFE: Jane Nicholls BEST OFFICER'S CUP: Wendy Hampson OLD GIRLS' HOUSE MOTTO PRIZE Fry "Friendship to all" Alison Schofield Keller "Fair Play" Heather Nesbitt



Winner: Lourdes Jimenez EWING CUP FOR CHARACTER: Gail Sadler

Nightingale "Not for Ourselves Alone" Lourdes Jimenez





When we meet again, You all in white, I smelling of orchards, When we meet -Leonard Cohen







Some of us . . .

Together for the last time.





SUMMA SUMMARUM?









 $^{\prime\prime}$  . . . We shall miss Mrs. Richards' inexhaustible patience with those to whom mathematics tends to be a dark mystery . . .  $^{\prime\prime}$ 





MRS. CHANCE AND SOME MEMBERS OF HER JUNIOR SCHOOL



DANCE COMMITTEE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Luziah Ismail, Cathy Ashton, Julia Clubb. Absent: Donna MacPhee.

Cathy Ashton, Julia Clubb, Donna MacPhee and myself as the Dance Committee were full of wonderful ideas in September. Fortunately some of our brilliant schemes were carried through successfully (to maintain our faith in human nature), while the not too realistic ones had to be abandoned.

In autumn we played football and soccer against Ashbury and developed our joint technique the "over the shoulder boulder holder", i.e. Ashbury carried us for the play. It proved so successful for both teams that we will have to consider patenting it for the pro-football teams of the future. When the snow came we had a sleigh ride - donuts, hot chocolate, music, and for an indoor activity, a volleyball game.

Dances were held to celebrate Ashbury football victories as well as providing a much needed break in the academic year. We had three dances in all. The groups that played for us were Brighton Rock, Merlin, and Albatros. The highlight of the year was the Spring Formal. This year it was held at the Country Club on June 2, 1973, thanks to the kind sponsorship of Mrs. F. S. Martin. The evening was a great success for the graduating class, one to be talked about and remembered long after the flowers wilted and wine ceased to flow.

We would like to thank all the students that helped us with the dance arrangements. Thank you again Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Aldous for your unfailing encouragement, assistance, and advice. We hope everyone enjoyed the year as much as the Committee, and once again "thank you" for supporting us.

Luziah and Cathy Dance Committee Heads

#### THE GRADUATION DANCE JUNE 2, '73













#### THEME FOR THE GRADUATES

Not quite the same the springtime seems to me since that sad season when in separate ways our paths diverged. There are no more such days as dawned for us in that last time when we dwelt in the realm of dreams, illusive dreams

Spring may be just as fair now, but it seems not quite the same.

by Mary Wheeler Wilcox

#### 'Nick's' Party-



PLEASE - Give generously!



Trained seal





Dale? With a drink?



Charming hostess with lovely guests



'Butch' Urie!

#### MEMORIES . . .

Remember our class parties at the Pig. . . Dorie in front of the mirror before classes at Ashbury . . . the family that oonts together . . . dancing on the desks after history . . . Susie winning the Tarzan contest . . . 'Lloyd and George', eh, Lesley? . . . dissecting Claude, Ben, Trish and our other rodent friends in Biology . . . "Misère". . . "Yankee go home" . . . Meg's blue nails on Sports Day . . . thinking below the navel . . . No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4 . . . Lambie . . . "Who's got my Stoned Angel?" . . . Sharon and her snake symbols in 'Heart of Darkness'. . . Nancy and Isabel hanging skinny white legs out the Common Room window . . . Monday Morning First Period Spare Club . . . Cathy's Carrot Cookies . . . Wendy T. and Gerald Crich and John Proctor who both probably had curly dark hair . . . Mrs. H.-J.: "Yes, Aeneas was really a heel" . . . penalties for squeezing at the football game . . . our Valentine from the women to the boys . . . somersaults in the Country Club parking lot after the Formal . . . Sue's lasso classes for the prefects in English E . . . Liquid Lunches . . . Sally K-K-K-K . . . Richard? Richard? . . . Earl, and how he misbehaved at the Formal . . . Dear Bernie . . . Small beans . . . Theresa's before Biology . . . Baie de Tonnere . . . trips to Trent . . . kneesocks over leotards . . . Motorcycle Mama . . . Sheila and the hearse . . . Susie and her date with the bareback champion of Quebec . . . Remember the time in grade twelve when Sharon said in geography that Moscow was on the Mediterranean? . . . "Obscenities! Obscenities!" . . . Ellen's Bowling Club . . . Remember Anne Stevenson and her artistic genius . . . Remember Isabel and her genius for comments like, "Oh, you're not as ugly as she said you are" . . . Remember Catherine Deneuve . . . Mrs. Inns' formal . . . Ann P.-R.'s 'bedroom eyes' . . . Remember, Ann and Joy, our driving classes, and driving into snowbanks - And don't forget Tony's card tricks when we should have been learning parallel parking . . . Remember "Well, I didn't get a tan, but I'm darker white!" . . . Remember Janet Westphal's beaux and giggles . . . naps

in the Common Room . . . Remember . . .

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# For Not To Be Taken From the Room reference

